It is the modern equivalent of their devoted service." If he is a reincarnation of a medieval monk it is of some jolly Friar Tuck, with fingers apprenticed to beauty and a heart sprung of the sun.

If you get him to talk further some of these dreams, accomplished or partly accomplished, will bubble over. "It's the best in literature that I want—in living, unpublished literature." He will bring out his exquisite "Love Among the Ruins," by Browning; his strong interpretation of Edwin Markham's "Lincoln"; his own "One Midnight With Roosevelt," containing the etching which he likes best. This is a head of the great cowboy President, sketched in 1915 at a Rough Rider banquet; it is a picture which the wife of the great leader who has gone West regards as the best likeness ever made of her husband. Then he will smile and pass over "The Laughter," a sunshiny recent volume; or "The Footprints of Washington Irving," by Virginia Lynch, just off the press—the first of a "Footprints" series which will include Poe (done by Edwin Markham), Walt Whitman, Sidney Lanier, O. Henry and others.

One of his ambitions is to sketch the greatest men of the world. Leading Americans, renowned foreign visitors, one by one he adds them to his collection; ultimately they appear in the precious quarterly. More than thirty years of close observation form his background; if he can only get in touch with Conan Doyle we may expect etching from the ectaplasmic of Napoleon, St. Francis, Alexander, Thutmosis II., and even of Captain Noah, turning the wheel of the Ark toward Ararat.

The Etching Game.

"The etching game," he will tell you, "is a peculiar one. For five years etchings are 'in'—the popular thing; then has always followed in the past a drought twice as long. There are not enough collectors of prints, and these few know chiefly the works of Whistler, Brangwyn, and other masters whose prices are out of the reach of the average man's purse. What I am trying to do is to make every book lover a lover of etchings. I could name a couple of dozen that I have recently converted. There will always be lovers of books, and if these choice souls can once learn that there are living etchers—worthy ones—whose present product can be purchased for less than a hundredth of what some old master costs it will be a new world opened to the book lover; and it may mean life—artistic and physical life—to the struggling etcher. And the struggler of to-day is the master of to-morrow; it may be most profitable, as well as pleasant, to the man or woman who adds print collecing to his hobbies." When you realize that one of Bernhardt Wall's etched books, containing from fifteen to thirty plates, may be purchased for $10, the ordinary price of a single print, you begin to realize how it is possible for Tony McCarty, the policeman, and Pat Maschelli the bootblack, to own one.

A day in the life of Bernhardt Wall is a busy stretch of activity in the dullest season; around the holidays it is a hectic swivel. When the alarm clock rings from the bronze samovar the artist crawls out and contemplates the hours before him. . . . what he might do in them . . . what he must do. First, perhaps, two or three etchings for the next quarterly, or the forthcoming book in the Footprints series. . . . Then an order of etched book plates that must be struck off on the press. . . . Two of this print, a dozen of that, to be given as Christmas presents. Four or five copies of this book to be printed. . . . Half a dozen to be bound. . . . Constant telephone interruptions, accepting orders, declining invitations. . . . Friends dropping in the entire day, to meet his unfailing good humor, no matter the press of work. . . . A bank president, the laureate of Oklahoma, a tenor from the Metropolitan, a Czecho-Slovakian dancer in for tea, together with several human beings. . . . Back to the etching, printing, binding. . . . Midnight. . . . The hours stretch on; the work is never over. . . . The alarm clock rings again from the bronze samovar, to send him to bed.

A typical etched quarterly gives the sweep and delicate beauty of his work. The cover, "The Acids," shows the etcher at his work. Then comes the number plate,

Man's Best Friend, from an etching by Bernhardt Wall.

the title page. . . . each one etched, pictures and lettering, with the same loving care. There is a dedication, usually to some distinguished friend of the arts. The table of contents is a soft dream of brown orange beauty. Then comes a green gem—a little fairy, baton in hand, teaching a chorus of bunnies to sing out of their opened song books—a whimsical delight. A stiff, stern page of sketches from the Spanish-American war. . . . Memories come of the Maine, of Dewey at Manila, of the hot charge up San Juan Hill, with the withering gunfire to be met and silenced. A poem, "Riverside," shows at its base Grant's Tomb, the drowsy Atlantic fleet, the Palisades drowsing behind it. A charming dog picture, "Jacquot"; an appreciation of "Civic Virtue," a fine etching of it, and a striking head of the sculptor. "Rag Picker, Greenwich Village"; a sea scene from Gloucester; poems by Marjorie Meeker, Edwin Markham, William Griffith, interpreted by the brain and fingers of the artist; "Venetian Vegetable Vender"; children upon a seesaw; St. Patrick's Cathedral; General Diaz, the Italian commander—and we are hardly half way through! There are enough prints of enduring worth here to hallow the most artistic room in the house.

The impecunious young artist, who stopped on the blizzardy Manhattan street back in the panic year to speak to his friend in the old bread line—if you had read his dreams they would have been nebulous visions of art, or art successful; of a picture hung in this house or that, in this exhibition or that salon. But the reality is more shining yet. It is something to be an artist, and to win the accolade of entrance into the exclusive collections of the great collectors. It is something to be an innovator, to blaze out trails—the first etched book, the first etched magazine. It is more to make the road easier for subsequent etchers—to waken an enduring public interest in this chaste and aristocratic art. It may be most of all to have made the patrician art democratic; to have brought the dreams of the artist, in enduring form, within reach of humbler human beings, with humbler resources, but with the same desires for the beauty that is life. One might almost call Bernhardt Wall the Henry Ford of etching . . . as well as one of its Christopher Columbuses. He has discovered new lands; he has brought the art to the average man. Best of all, he is still a young man, with a heart younger than his young face—a face and heart shining with sustaining faith in joy and happiness and beauty. And the man who believes in these creates them.

Famous Fasters of History

By G. K. DAWES.

FASTING, self-imposed, such as is now being practiced by several of the inmates of Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, is by no means peculiar to modern times or to present political conditions. All through the ages there have been persons who were willing and eager to demonstrate their capacity for doing without food or drink, and as early as the fourteenth century there is a case on record of the "hunger strike" pure and simple. Some of the details of these fastings are so extraordinary and so obviously exaggerated that we cannot help wondering how even the people of those times could have given them credit; but numerous cases are to be found where careful tests were applied and truly remarkable results vouched for by reliable witnesses.

In 1357 Cecilia, wife of John de Rygeway, was thrown into Nottingham Prison for the murder of her husband. Whether the lady was guilty or not cannot be ascertained, but she seems to have considered herself ill used, for on trustworthy authority she remained mute and fasting for a period of forty days, at the end of which time she was released and granted a pardon, her power to abstain from food being considered as a gift from heaven and a sign of her innocence.

Another very similar case was that of John Scott, who in 1531, having failed in a law case, abstained, presumably by way of protest, from all meat and drink for thirty days. The King having heard of this and being resolved to test the truth of the report, ordered Scott to be locked up in a cell in Edinborough Castle with only a small supply of bread and water. After thirty-two days it was found that the bread and water had not been touched, and from the fact that Scott immediately on his release went out and harangued the crowd that was awaiting his appearance he would not seem to have suffered greatly as a result of his ordeal. Later the same man, on being thrown into prison for declaiming against Henry's divorce from Katherine, fasted for a period of fifty days.

Among those cases in which it is difficult to believe that there has not been some exaggeration may be mentioned that of a young lady of Wigginton, Staffordshire, Mary Waughan by name, who, having been from birth accustomed to only small quantities of food, became famous for the very meager amount on which she was able to subsist.

It was said that her daily fare consisted of nothing more than a piece of bread and butter of the size of a fifty cent piece, or, if it were meat, as much as a pigeon's egg at most. She drank only water or milk, or both mixed, and of these not more than a spoonful a day. Yet she was spoken of as a maiden of fresh complexion and healthy constitution, very religiously disposed and therefore the less likely to practice a deceit.

In confirmation of these remarkable statements it was further mentioned that any food in excess of this or any other liquids always made her sick.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of fasting as also one of the most tragic was that of the "fasting girl" of South Wales, who in 1869 was exhibited by her parents as having eaten nothing for two years. This statement being open to doubt and persistently maintained, certain zealots in the cause of truth arranged that four trained nurses should be in continuous attendance. This was done and after eight days of fasting the unfortunate girl died. The parents were tried and convicted on a charge of manslaughter; but we are not aware that any action was taken either against the nurses or those who employed them.

The Man Who Couldn't Come Back

Continued from Page Three.

"There's not much rough stuff, a few scuffles or so and the Governor, who is giving a party at which all the doctors are present, comes out to listen. . . .

"The next day the Governor sends two soldiers for me.

"'Look here,' says he, 'you're a damned rascal.'

"'I'm an American citizen,' I reply with dignity.

"'A fine country has my sympathy,' says he.

"'Notwithstanding,' says I knowing I held four aces to the Governor's flush, 'what are your orders?'

"'No orders,' says he. 'I've been thinking it over and ask you to remain here. You may be a fake but you're a great psychologist. I'd rather have peace and you than riots and science. Good morning, Doctor Lysander.'

"And this time he puts the accent on the Doctor."

The Doc stopped speaking. That was the end of his story.

"No," said he, "I ain't going back to the States. Sure, I'm aching to but no real man in my position would and I won't. Liverpool, see if that's the Missus out back. Tell her a Yankee is here and that he'd like to meet her."

It was the "Missus." Liverpool ushered her forward. A tall stripling of sixteen or so followed her.

"This is the missus," explained the Doc. "And this—" his voice contained challenge and defiance—"this is our son."

No, Doc Lysander will not return to the States so long as he continues to be a man.

The "missus" was Lizzie Brush or had been before she had become Mrs. Doc Lysander. She was beautiful, as he had said. But there could be no doubt about her negro strain. And the boy—Theodore Roosevelt Lysander! As black as it is possible for a black man to be and the very image, so his mother said, of her paternal great-grandfather.